



A STRIPED MAN

That's What Hankins
Will Be in Two
Months.

State's Attorney Longenecker
Says He Will Convict
Him Sure,

While the Indictment
Has More Barrels
Than a Gat-
ling Gun,

Alleging Over and Over Again
Hankins' Two Previous
Convictions.

A Special Grand Jury to Re-
indict Hankins, Condon,
and Romayne,

So that Sister Harry Can
Keep George Company
in Joliet.

The Citizens' Association in Pos-
session of New and Startling
Evidence.

A Carefully Selected Special
Grand Jury Badly
Needed.

The Son of the Great Charles
Dickens Ruined by Hank-
ins' Game.

Startling Discoveries
Made by the Prose-
cution.

Hankins Is Alleged to Be Re-
lying Upon Bribing
the Jury.

His Agents Say that
Their Lawyers Can
Do Nothing.

But that Money Is Omnipotent
in the Criminal
Court.

George Hankins has given up hopes of trying to escape the consequences of his crimes in a fair and square trial at the bar. His friends give it out cold that, while his lawyers will make the best fight they can for him, Hankins' main reliance is upon his money.

What do they mean? The ex-convicts, tramps, gamblers, and disreputables who form the bulk of Hankins' friends and associates, can seldom be relied upon, but they occasionally reflect the utterances of their tough boss, the Dinner-Pail Gambler.

Do they mean, when they say that Hankins relies upon his money to ac-

quit him, that the courts of Cook County are susceptible to bribery?

Do they mean that any Judge would so far degrade himself as to accept cash in return for leniency shown Hankins?

If they do, then they must be either insane, or it is time the courts made an example of them.

It is true that in the past, in some instances, rich men have been acquitted with stronger evidence against them than there was against poor men who were convicted.

There have been times when Judges were impeached for crookedness.

But the Cook County bench has attained a high reputation for honor and integrity, which lifts it far above the suspicion of even George Hankins' gold.

Well, if Hankins cannot reach the bench—and he cannot—what do his friends and admirers mean by their assertions?

Can he reach the jury?

Aye, there's the rub!

There has been plenty of jury bribery in Chicago in the past. There has been too much of it. There has been so much of it that the name of justice is becoming a stench in the nostrils of many.

Jury bribery became a science in Chicago, and George Hankins has lived in the midst of the alleged encouragers and promoters of the awful crime. His chief advisers have been men intimately connected or associated with every attempt upon the rights of a free people.

His companions, partners in business and warmest friends outside have been men who have kept the community in a turmoil by their assaults upon the integrity of the jury system, upon the ballot box, and upon the good name of the courts.

If justice is to be made a mockery, then Hankins will be simply fined, in violation of the law, and turned loose.

If the law is to be upheld, and justice dignified, then this polluter of youth, this robber of workingmen, and this coxer of dinner-pails will be convicted.

And with what result?

George Hankins, the notorious gambler, the boastful millionaire who has made his money robbing the poor, this man who has degraded authority and made justice a laughing stock, will be sent to the penitentiary for a term of years.

There is no escape from it.

The law is there pure and simple. Hankins has been twice convicted. He must go to State's prison, because this indictment recites both previous convictions.

Judge Longenecker, the able, efficient and upright State's Attorney of Cook County, is never a boastful man. He declared the other day, in his quiet

and determined manner, that he would surely send Hankins to the penitentiary; and he will have the assistance of all good citizens. There is much to invoke the aid of the good people of Chicago, for the prosecution in this case. The ruined homes, the broken hearts, the blasted hopes of 20,000 men call aloud for vengeance. The wails of an equal number of starving children and despairing women join them in the cry.

More than this, the baneful influence of George Hankins extends around the world. Think of the son of Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, being ruined and driven to an early grave by Hankins' hell-hole!

Think of it!

Dickens, the friend of the poor, Dickens, who wrote so pathetically of the condition of the humbler classes of Great Britain, and whose noble efforts finally elevated his fellow men. Dickens, whose grand labors relieve the tired mind and bring solace even into the sick-room.

Dickens son was ruined in Hankins' house.

Read the extract in another column from Sunday's *Tribune* about this fact, and then ask yourself if you are proud of being a Chicagoan; if you are not proud of living in the same town with Hankins, who ruined Dickens' son and who will ruin your son if he gets a chance.

And Hankins is at large.

Yes, and he proposes to stay at large if he has to bribe every petit juror in the State in order to remain so.

But what are the people doing? Well, the State's Attorney will do his full duty. Rest assured of that. The Citizens' Association will lend every energy to aid the State's Attorney.

But a special Grand Jury is needed.

A special Grand Jury is needed to indict John Condon, Harry Romayne, and George Hankins over again, for running gambling houses, since the last Grand Jury adjourned.

This would send Condon to jail for eight months and Romayne to the penitentiary with Hankins. The Citizens' Association has some very strong testimony against Condon, Hankins, and Romayne, all of which is brand-new.

Then there are some property-owners to reach.

Besides, the so-called leading criminal of Cook County, who is a 20 per cent. owner in the gamblers' trust, and who is Hankins' chief adviser, could then be brought into court on an indictment.

In fact, a special Grand Jury can find out a number of things.

CHARLES DICKENS' SON.
He loses His Last Dollar in Hankins' Gambling House, and Dies Penitent Among Strangers.

Mr. Vance Thompson, in an able

article in last Sunday's *Tribune*, describes the sad end of Francis Geoffrey Dickens, son of the great novelist. The young man had \$200 with which to return to England, and Mr. Thompson in his touching article says:

"Dickens came over to Clark street. As he rode over he debated the situation. One can hardly travel from Chicago to London on \$200 and travel in the way that one wishes to travel. Fleet street gives one peculiar ideas. The economic pendulum oscillates between picturesque poverty and opulent riot. There is no middle course. If one has \$200 one can hardly be expected to 'go steerage'—as Bayard Taylor and Robert Louis Stevenson and other penmen have done. But again, it is not enough in the other case.

"There is a gambling saloon on Clark street, near Madison street [kept by George Hankins and Harry Romayne]. Some day it may be closed up. Mayor Cregier says it is closed now.

"Dickens went there and watched the roulette wheel roll. He didn't make \$1,000; he lost his \$200. Then he went out and pawned his rings. For two days he drifted about the city, drinking here and there. He met a number of very dear friends of his—whom he had never seen before. One meets dear old friends of this sort now and again—when one has money.

"One night he wandered into the Union Depot, and with the meaningless perversity of one afflicted with the microbes that are bred in Bohemia took an outgoing train.

"He got out at Moline, Ill.

"Moline is a nightmare of tall brick chimneys, many-windowed factories, wooden houses, and snug villas. There is a sort of white redness about the place that is irritating. One-third of the people makes plows; another third make pianos; the other third of the population gain a precarious living by taking in each other's washing.

"From Fleet street to Moline. There is a three-volume novel in those five words. And the characters that ramble through it are Dick Swiveller—with 'the sun in his eyes'—and Lord Hawk, and Pike, and Mark Tapley, and Sergeant George, and one knows what not.

"And the hero, of course, of this putative three-volume novel that takes its start at Devonshire Terrace and ends in Moline, is Francis Geoffrey Dickens.

DEAD IN A STREET OF MOLINE.

"He died in Moline. Not in a hotel, not even in a Moline lodging house. He wandered out into the shabby outskirts, stumbling through the rough streets and along the ramshackle sidewalks. There was an icy rain blowing down from the north, and when he fell he did not get up again. He lay there

and died—from exposure, from what you please. He is buried in the unkempt little cemetery of Moline."

WHAT BEAT MILLS.

Leniency Toward Hankins and His Gang Defeated the Brilliant State's Attorney for Re-election.

Cook County never had a brighter man for State's Attorney than Luther Ladlin Mills.

Able, talented and brilliant, he filled the office with credit to the people and himself, until his kind-heartedness toward the human wolves known as gamblers wrecked his prospects.

During his last term of office, in 1883, Hankins and many other gamblers were indicted.

Hankins was, of course, convicted, as he will be this time.

Emery A. Storrs and a galaxy of talent were engaged to defend Hankins, but all of Storrs' great genius could not save Hankins.

He was convicted.

Under this conviction he was fined \$250.

At the same term of court he was again convicted of the same offense, and under the law should have been sent to jail for a term reaching anywhere from six months to sixty years.

But Mr. Mills was good-hearted. He let Mr. Hankins pay a fine of \$500, and remitted the jail sentence.

How did the people take it?

Well, the people, whom Hankins holds in such great contempt, just rose in their might the following year. The Republican party renominated Mr. Mills for State's Attorney, and while every other man on the Republican ticket was elected by 10,000 majority, Mr. Mills was defeated by 12,000.

Hankins did it.

This is a warning to public officers who may feel inclined to favor Hankins.

By the way, it is a curious fact that under the law of Illinois a man may be imprisoned for a longer time under a second conviction than he can be under a third. The only difference is that a third conviction means the penitentiary. The prisoner cannot be confined in the penitentiary for more than five years. Under a second conviction he must be imprisoned in the county jail not less than six months. There is no limit set, however, and he might be locked up for sixty years. Here is the law, read it yourself:

Sec. 17. Whoever keeps a common gaming house, or in any building, booth, yard, garden, boat, or float, by him or his agent used and occupied, procures or permits any persons to frequent, or to come together to play for money or other valuable thing, at any game, or keeps or suffers to be kept any tables or other apparatus for the purpose of playing at any game or sport for money or other valuable thing, or knowingly rents any such place for such purposes, shall upon conviction, for the first offense be fined not less than \$100, and for the second offense be fined not less

than \$500, and be confined in the County Jail not less than six months, and for the third offense shall be fined not less than \$500, and be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than two years nor more than five years.

A SPECIAL GRAND JURY.

One Is Very Badly Needed, Because the Worst Games Are Running Wide Open.

There is a splendid opportunity now for a special Grand Jury. Despite the Mayor's orders, or alleged orders, the following games are running wide open in violation of law:

George Hankins, 134 Clark street, commonly called "the dinner-pail game." Brace game; nothing square; patronized by boys and workingmen; occasionally a rich "sucker" drops in. No attention paid to it by the police.

Edmundson & Webb, 124 Clark street, skin game in all its details.

John Condon, 14 Quincy street, cashier of dry goods and wholesale houses a specialty. Average number of victims, about 500 a week.

"The Store," 176 Clark street, Winship & Perry proprietors. All classes of people leave their money here.

Ullman's, No. 2 Theater court. This house is located on city school property for all losses here.

Col. Mead, 113 Madison street. Enjoys the distinguished regard of the administration. Anything from a nickel up admitted.

Larry King, 170 Clark street. "Go as you please."

"The Blackbird Palace," 85 Clark street. Open right along. Dinner-pail game.

THE HANKINS INDICTMENT.

The Voluminous Document Which Will Put "Dinner-Pail George" in Stripes and Send Him to Joliet.

A representative of THE EAGLE called at the State's Attorney's office the other day in quest of information. The Hankins gang have been claiming upon every side that the indictment was defective; that it did not allege Hankins' two previous convictions, and so forth.

State's Attorney J. M. Longenecker laughed when told of the "reports."

"The indictment is all right," he said.

"We will send Mr. Hankins to Joliet."

The indictment covers sixty-eight pages of type-written foolscap. It sets forth the two previous convictions of Hankins, and is considered to be a document which cannot be broken down.

The indictment against Romayne is equally voluminous. It tells of the previous conviction of Harry Romayne, alias J. H. Romayne, alias J. Harry Romayne, alias James H. Romayne, alias James Harry Romayne, etc., etc., and will land the dashing Sister Harry in jail for at least eight months, and perhaps for two long years. The longer the better.

RELIES UPON McDONALD.

Hankins Is Putting His Trust in a Man Who Says He Has Nothing to Do with Gambling.

It is strange, in view of Mr. M. C. McDonald's frequent declaration that he has nothing to do with gamblers or with public gambling, that Hankins' friends are saying that Mike will get Hankins out of trouble.

How can this be?

Is not Mr. Hankins under indictment in the Criminal Court of Cook County? Is he not to be brought before a Judge and jury for trial?

Is Mr. McDonald a lawyer?

No.

How, then, can he get Mr. Hankins out of trouble?

Are not Mr. Hankins' friends mistaken?

We shall see.

THIS SETTLES ROMAYNE.

A South Chicago Man Loses \$1,000 in Hankins' Hell-Hole.

De Witt Robinson, of South Chicago, has made affidavit to a state of things (Continued on second page.)